

Lavin Christine

"Damaged Goods"

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Christine Lavin
"Damaged Goods"

He was always a bit too open, a bit too quick to please.
Such eager men make women feel ill at ease.
Relationships never lasted long,
But there was nothing in particular you could say he
was doing wrong.

But now his loneliness is beginning to show
His confidence is at an all-time low.
He's always second-guessing; look at him hesitate.
The littlest decisions are the hardest to make

Cause now he thinks of himself as damaged goods.
So far no one's ever treated him as gently as he hoped
they would
And he don't hold his head up quite so high
And he finds himself longing for the innocence of
times gone by.

She had her first man when she was 23,
Years after all her girlfriends gave away their virginity.
And now at last she thought her life had begun,
But she sees things a little differently now that she's
31.

She's had a lot of lovers, but no special man
Has ever really touched her or tried to understand.
Now there's an awkward hesitation in everything she
does.
If only her life could be simple like it was,

But now she thinks of herself as damaged goods.
So far no one's ever treated her as gently as she hoped
they would
And she don't hold her head up quite so high
And she finds herself longing for the innocence of
times gone by.

I don't know about you, but it seems like all of my

friends

Are either being hurt or they are trying to mend the
hurt

Been done to them by somebody else.

And now they carry like a badge a slightly damaged
image of themselves.

I got a little sister, 15 years old

And there is so very much I think she should be told,

But she won't listen; Lord knows I never did,

And that's why I got so many scars I struggle to keep
hid.

Sometimes I falter, sometimes I lose.

Sometimes I get caught up wallowing in my blues.

So undecided; I hesitate and yet

Every once in awhile I just manage to forget

That I think of myself as damaged goods.

So far no one's ever treated me as gently as I wished
they would

And I don't hold his head up quite that high

And I'm longing for the simple days, I wonder how they
got this way,

Longing for the innocence of times gone by,

Oh, those times gone by.

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